



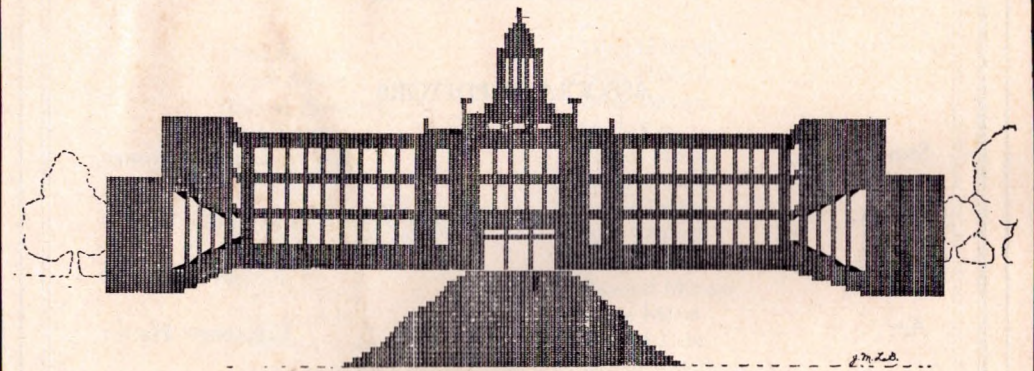
# The Student's Pen

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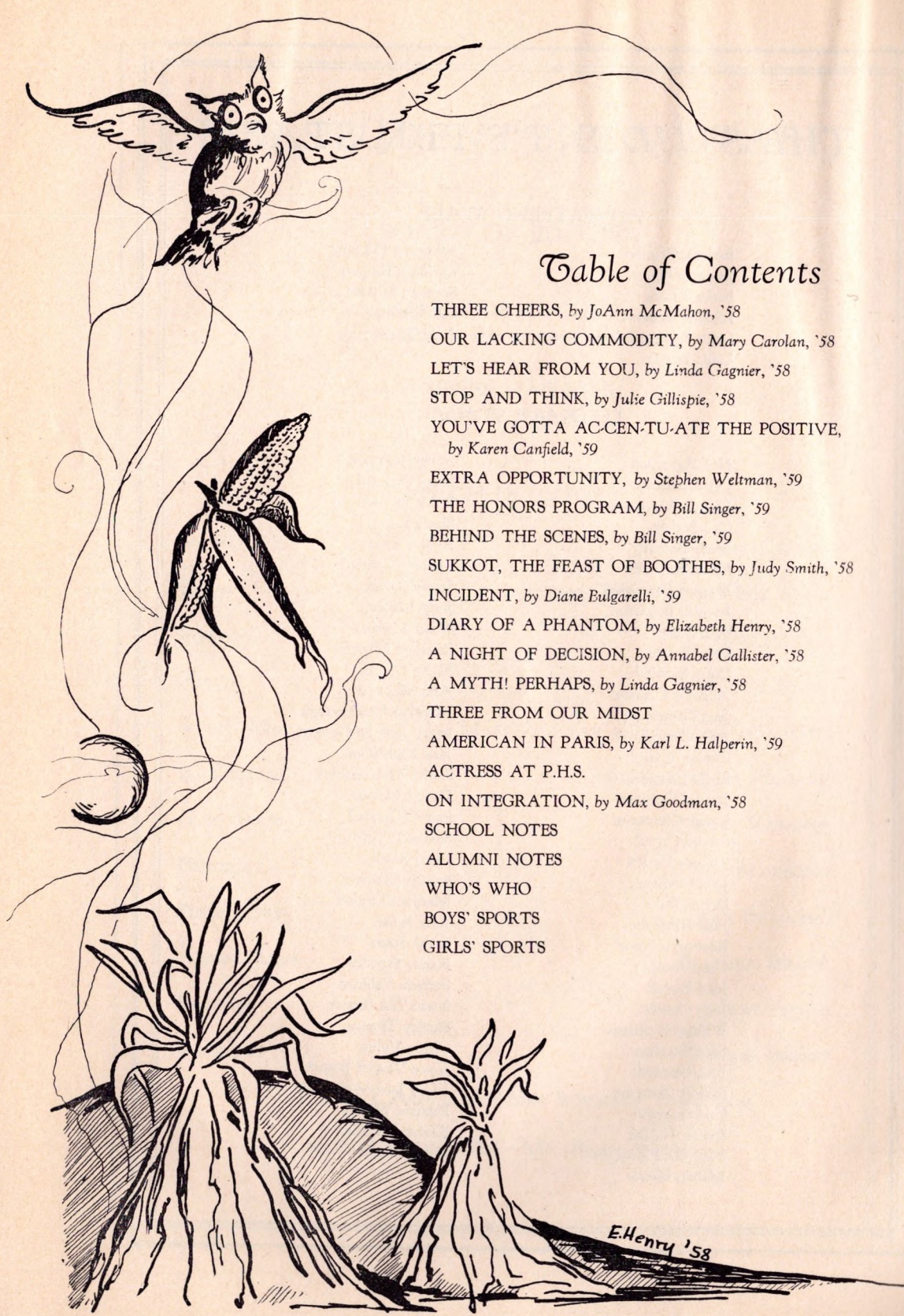
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## Table of Contents

THREE CHEERS, by JoAnn McMahon, '58	5
OUR LACKING COMMODITY, by Mary Carolan, '58	5
LET'S HEAR FROM YOU, by Linda Gagnier, '58	6
STOP AND THINK, by Julie Gillispie, '58	6
YOU'VE GOTTA AC-CEN-TU-ATE THE POSITIVE, by Karen Canfield, '59	6
EXTRA OPPORTUNITY, by Stephen Weltman, '59	7
THE HONORS PROGRAM, by Bill Singer, '59	8
BEHIND THE SCENES, by Bill Singer, '59	9
SUKKOT, THE FEAST OF BOOTHES, by Judy Smith, '58	10
INCIDENT, by Diane Bulgarelli, '59	11
DIARY OF A PHANTOM, by Elizabeth Henry, '58	12
A NIGHT OF DECISION, by Annabel Callister, '58	13
A MYTH! PERHAPS, by Linda Gagnier, '58	15
THREE FROM OUR MIDST	17
AMERICAN IN PARIS, by Karl L. Halperin, '59	18
ACTRESS AT P.H.S.	19
ON INTEGRATION, by Max Goodman, '58	20
SCHOOL NOTES	21
ALUMNI NOTES	25
WHO'S WHO	26
BOYS' SPORTS	28
GIRLS' SPORTS	29

# EDITORIALS

## Three Cheers

By JoAnn McMahon, '58

**T**HROUGH the efforts of our snappy 1958 cheerleaders, a new club has joined the ranks of the many at P.H.S. This club is unique in that its main objective is to bolster school spirit and provide a band of loyal supporters for our athletic teams.

The effects of the P.H.S. Pep Club were duly noticed by Jack Dunham, a '57 alumnus, down from Williams College to see our first football game. "What the heck did they give these kids, pep injections?" It almost seemed as if just that had happened; in fact, our rooting section yelled so much, and so loudly, that the team couldn't hear the signals out on the field.

Then, too, those illustrious senior boys who arrived in an old 1925 Packard convertible and moth-eaten raccoon coats and who paraded with the Pep Club banner, gave an added touch of color and humor to the game.

To the cheerleaders, who organized this wonderful new club, and to the members of the Pep Club, THE STUDENT'S PEN gives three cheers!

never encountered. Evidently, though, the dawdlers do not see this line as they continue on their way talking to friends whom they have not seen for at least forty minutes. From the back of the line come the pushers. They are so anxious to arrive at their next class that they do not care how many innocents they stampede on their way.

True, we do not all have to plead guilty to belonging in one of the above groups. However, in all of us there is some room for improvement where our manners are concerned. The lunch-line, for example, is a place where we must all use self-control in our eagerness to begin our noontime meal.

Fashions and trends are changing constantly. However, such expressions as "excuse me," "please," and "thank you" are very much in style. With the aid of patience and courtesy we will find that many of the problems in the halls and cafeteria can be avoided.

## Our Lacking Commodity

By Mary Carolan, '58

**O**BVIOUS by its absence is the courtesy of most of the members of P.H.S. As we walk down the halls, we find the first group of offenders—the dawdlers. Behind them is a line of congested traffic, the likes of which the George Washington Bridge has





## Let's Hear From You Stop and Think

By Linda Gagnier, '58

ONE need not be too attentive to know that ideas, suggestions, and complaints are rendered each day in connection with something at P.H.S. However, these murmurings are soon silenced and forgotten.

Wouldn't it be wonderful, you say, to make your feelings known to everyone? Well, why not? *The Eagle* devotes a generous section each night to letters from citizens, who believe their opinions worthwhile. So, too, must the gentlemen in charge, or why would space be provided for them?

The editors of *THE PEN* likewise agree that the students' views are important. We discussed the impossibility of opinions reaching everyone by word of mouth. A genius suggested a "Letters to the Editor" section, and his idea was received with unanimous approval.

We, the editors, feel that this is your magazine and your school. You and your opinions are important. Let everyone know of your brilliant ideas, ingenious suggestions, and thought-provoking criticism. Pen your views; send them to *THE PEN*.

## You've Gotta Ac-Cen-Tu-Ate the Positive

By Karen Canfield, '59

THIS world of ours, at first glance, may seem to be a sad and troubled place in which to live. Scientists are muttering dreadful forebodings about being blown to bits or poisoned by radiation; politicians are constantly kicking over the platforms of their opponents and exposing the forms of low life beneath; racial hatreds and violence exist. . . . Yes, it all presents rather a disagreeable picture.

But let's banish these apparitions and turn

By Julie Gillispie, '58

PUT yourself in their shoes. It's tough! Have you ever wondered how our teachers can stand the rudeness, indifference, and trouble makers they encounter every day? Teachers must have a difficult job trying to help today's students help themselves, especially if we don't want to be helped.

Even though we may follow the crowd and make disparaging remarks about our teachers, most of us realize that they are one of the few important groups which stand between us and the unknown but challenging future. Our successes in life (if any) are partially dependent upon the knowledge they pass on to us, the principles they inculcate in us, and the encouragement they give us to think for ourselves.

The fact that teaching pays so little and that the younger generation gets increasingly harder to handle keeps many from entering the profession. To those teachers who have accepted the challenge is due a tribute for helping young people struggle from adolescence into adulthood.

to the bright side, for there is a bright side. It is your future. There are millions of high-school students giving their all to school activities, charity work, part-time jobs, and around-the-house work, as well as getting high grades. It's good to know that the future, whatever else it may bring, will have a solid foundation of dependable people. We can do a lot to make a better world by using our time and efforts for the common good.

Yes, we must look to youth for the future—and the prospects are very bright indeed!

# ESSAYS

## Extra Opportunity

By Stephen Weltman, '59

WHEN one enters a high school, he usually does so with but one purpose in mind: to study those subjects of the curriculum in which he is most interested. The modern high school, however, provides students with more than a working knowledge of "the Three R's." It has added guidance systems to determine students' capabilities and to advise them on the choice of a career or college. It also offers students ample opportunity to develop their character, to strengthen their bodies, to improve their minds, and to put their interests to constructive use. Students can, if they wish, help their school attain victory on the athletic field, contribute to their school's literary publication, march with the school band, or participate in one of the other phases of the school's extra-curricular program, at the same time benefiting themselves.

The profits which can be derived from extra-curricular activities are at no time more evident than when a student makes application to college. As there are, in most cases, more applicants than can feasibly be accepted, colleges are frequently faced with the problem of eliminating applicants, not merely on the basis of academic achievement, though this is always a primary factor, but on the basis of what the student would contribute to the university. Thus, the student who has set his sights upon attending college must show that he is capable of more than merely maintaining college standards in his scholastic achievement; he must also show that he utilizes his spare time by participating in some

extra-curricular activity, whether it be playing shortstop on the baseball team or being a member of the Latin Club. This does not indicate, however, that high marks are not a prerequisite for attending colleges but that colleges are prone to accept applicants with varied and well developed interests. Therefore, it is evident that the most convenient way to further one's interests and simultaneously further one's aspirations for higher education is participation in one or more of these activities.

Pittsfield High has, in recent years, allowed the size of its extra-curricular program to dwindle to such an extent that many students, possessed of a highly developed interest, even are stymied for lack of a suitable outlet. Thus, participation in extra-curricular activities has decreased markedly, though the school has gained considerably in size during the same period. There are, according to my colleagues, many students in the school who are greatly concerned with the idea of forming groups to participate in the activities which they enjoy, hoping eventually to integrate these with the extra-curricular program. If this were accomplished with the full cooperation of school officials, it would further enhance the value of an already worthwhile addition to the curriculum.

The extra-curricular program has become an extremely profitable part of school life and will, if it is expanded and modified to better meet the needs of students, offer still greater advantages. It is indeed an extra opportunity, benefiting all within its folds.



## The Honors Program

By Bill Singer, '59

PITTSFIELD High School is making educational history this year, for with the opening of classes in September an organized honors program moved from a junior high level to a senior high for the first time in the country. Honors courses are being given in science, English, and mathematics, with about 120 students of the class of 1960 participating.

The program starts in the ninth grade, where qualified students may elect a maximum of two honor subjects, to be continued through the senior year. The course of study will be enriched and accelerated, the basic idea in all the honors courses being to complete the usual high school curriculum in the student's special field by the junior year, leaving one year free for work on a college level.

The program started as an experiment only five years ago, in 1952, when a group of colleges decided to give such courses a trial through selected high schools. The headquarters of the movement were at Kenyon College in Ohio, and it was financed by the Ford Fund for the Advancement of Education. Eventually the College Entrance Board became interested in the program as a means of giving more challenge to students of higher ability, and provided for it by issuing a set of tests for students completing such courses. The number of high schools participating in the program increased, and last year it began in Pittsfield. It was the first time the program had started in a junior high school, and this year P.H.S. welcomes these classes, which we hope will pave the way for many more to come.

The honors classes in mathematics will finish both intermediate algebra and trigonometry in the sophomore year, and in the eleventh grade will cover plane and solid geometry. Thus secondary school mathemat-

ics will be completed by the end of the junior year, and the senior year will be devoted to analytic geometry and calculus—the usual first year college math.

The classes in English honors will also cover in two years the three years of high school work, leaving a year free for studies on a college level. Precisely what will be covered in the senior year is still uncertain; the program will have to develop as these first classes advance. Perhaps a comprehensive survey of world literature will be given.

In science there are three honors classes going simultaneously: one in biology, one in chemistry, and one in physics. Each of these three subjects will be covered in two-thirds of a year, so that the entire high school curriculum will be finished in two years. In his senior year the honors student will be able to specialize on a college level in any one of the three subjects mentioned.

The College Entrance Examination Board has put out a series of tests known as the Advanced Placement Examinations. The student completing his honors course may take such a test in his honors field. There are colleges (and the number is steadily increasing) which will accept a passing mark on the examination as an indication that the student is ready for more advanced work than is usually given a freshman, and will permit the student to skip the first year in his honors subject.

There are still more developments to come in the Pittsfield honors program. A study is being made of the possibilities of starting honors classes on a high school level in social studies and foreign languages. Already there are Advanced Placement Examinations in these subjects. Mr. Hennessy, in speaking about the program, expressed his optimism on its success, now and in the future.

## Behind the Scenes

By Bill Singer, '59

IF you like to hear a good concert occasionally and happen to be thrifty, you can easily avoid paying the price of a ticket. I myself, liking to hear a good concert occasionally and lacking the price of a ticket (not as much out of thrift but out of funds) decided to do some ushering during the summer.

My most interesting job was that of stagehand at the South Mountain chamber music concerts. The duties I was to perform were several and varied—operating a microphone, turning on lights, shifting chairs on stage, closing doors, opening windows, ringing bells, huffing and puffing, and hoping my parents were comfortably enjoying themselves on the free tickets I had received—but, after all, the show must go on.

In carrying out these duties I had some very interesting experiences. Ringing the bell at the end of intermission was probably what I enjoyed most. I shouldn't say bell, though—it really was a buzzer, and while it was going, a pneumatic drill would have had a hard time making itself heard. I would stand ready, hand on switch, sadistic smile on face, waiting for the corridor in which the buzzer was located to fill with gaily talking people.

Another one of my important jobs was to open the door for the artists as they came off the stage at the conclusion of a piece. For this purpose there was a round peephole to look through, so I could tell when they were coming. Hearing the last movement, I would hurry to the hole, wait until the bows were over, then dash over to the door to open it in the nick of time—the whole thing, I flatter myself, was a masterpiece of intricate timing.

As stagehand I spent most of my time backstage, a duty which gave me a first hand view of the artists. Several of my friends were sure I would meet an eccentric bunch, and I did. Only the eccentric ones were not the musicians. It seemed to me, watching from my

knothole, people staring vacantly into space, beating time with their heads, that any abnormalities lay with the audience! Those musicians whom I did meet were, contrary to popular impression, perfectly normal appearing people. There was but one beard, no moustaches, no foreign accents. As a matter of fact, I once heard a string quartet arguing over the relative merits of Mantle and Williams!

It was interesting to observe the reactions of the performers as they came off the stage. A universal comment was, "Gee, it's hot out there!" I even heard critical evaluations of performances: a pianist exclaimed to his colleagues as he returned with them from the stage happily mopping his brow, "We really got excited that time, didn't we?" Incidentally, you know those calm, poised musicians you see out on stage? They're like Mexican jumping beans when they return after finishing their performances. Under such circumstances I was once heartily complimented on the talent I had displayed in arranging the chairs on stage. Something of a similar nature occurred when I was closing and locking windows at the end of a concert. I was complimented on the musical way I was slamming them.

There were some embarrassing moments too. I had been very carefully instructed on how to raise the top of a grand piano, something which I had never done before. Fortified with memorized directions, I stepped boldly out onto the stage before a capacity crowd, went to the piano, and proceeded to look for the long strut I couldn't miss. After two minutes of futile fumbling, I realized I had missed it somehow, and returned backstage with face burning.

So you see, I spent an interesting summer. I heard some good music, too.



## Sukkot, the Feast of Booths

By Judy Smith, '58

THE Feast of Booths, commonly known as Sukkôt, commemorates the pioneer days of the Jewish people.

When our ancestors left Egypt, they wandered in the wilderness for forty years before they were allowed to enter the "promised land." During their wandering the Israelites pitched tents, or booths, wherever they stopped. The Almighty, therefore, commanded that the Jewish people should always celebrate the Feast of Booths. For eight days, from the 15th to the 22nd of the month of Tishri, corresponding with October, they dwell in booths, or sukkahs.

The sukkah, in which they dwell during the feast, is a little tabernacle or booth built of wood or canvas. It is covered with branches of trees and plants in such a manner that the heavens and stars are still visible overhead. As this Festival commemorates the fruit harvest in Israel, the interior of the sukkah is decorated with flowers and ripe fruits suspended from the ceiling of leaves and branches.

The mother and children help the father decorate the sukkah. Even at times they help him build the booth. It is a happy occasion for the children when they suspend grapes and fruits from the ceiling.

Sukkot is also known as an agricultural festival. It is commonly known as the Jewish thanksgiving. Years ago, when the Jewish were in Palestine, the agricultural year was over at this time, particularly the fruit harvest. The grapes were made into wine and the olives into oil. All other products of the sod were also gathered. The Palestinian Jews

were closely knit to the soil and celebrated Sukkot with merriment and festivity. They rendered thanks to the Lord for a prosperous season.

The harvest festival is celebrated in Israel with a great deal of pomp and splendor. Now that the Jewish people's wandering for 2,000 years has come to an end, and their hopes of rebuilding their homeland have been realized, the citizens of Israel celebrate the Feast of Sukkot with merriment and praise to God. The Israelis are an agricultural people again in their homeland. They have changed barren wastelands into productive farms. They are dependent upon the crops, soil and water for their livelihood. They pray to God only for the bounties of nature and peace and safety for their cherished homeland.

Sukkot is celebrated in a splendid fashion in our homes today. The first two days and the last day of the festival are observed as strict holidays, on which no manual labor may be performed. On these evenings the family goes to synagogue. The mother of the family lights the traditional candles for the feast. Arriving home, the family settles down to a delicious meal. On the tables the festival lights burn brightly; the tables are decorated with the best silver the family possesses. After the meal, the family sings Israeli songs. Sukkot, throughout the world, is truly celebrated as the Jewish thanksgiving.

### DID YOU KNOW?

There are only 54 days before Christmas!

## SHORT STORIES

### Incident

By Diane Bulgarelli, '59

IT'S hard to say what kind of man Gerald Steele was. He had owned a ranch in the valley for fifteen years and had exhibited every phase of ruthlessness while building his cattle kingdom. Then, after a town had sprung up on his land, he personally saw to it that it was equipped with a church and preacher. When he had waged war against the shepherders, he had given such a display of temper as to shock even the men who were most used to him. And now he was drinking whiskey in his own parlor with one of the detested nesters.

The nester had come to Steele to ask admittance to the valley. He had expected open hostility, and Steele's hospitality was unnerving him. That he was being treated more like a friend of the family than an intruder dazed him, and he sensed an air of mockery. If he had faced a gun, he would have felt better. He couldn't combat sarcasm. It made him feel young and small.

"Mr. Steele, I have something to ask you. You know what it is, but it still has to be said."

He sounded for all the world like a child addressing its elder.

"Some other farmers and I want to farm this valley. We don't need much land, but it has to be here, because the ground isn't good on the flats."

He paused and cleared his throat. Steele remained silent. The nester tried desperately to regain the ground he had lost.

"We're pretty desperate, Mr. Steele. We've no place else to go. Our families are

starving. You don't want to fight men in our condition. Everywhere we go the ranchers drive us out. We've decided not to be driven out any more."

Now he felt better. He didn't mind Steele's silence at all.

"You won't be able to keep us out for long. A month, maybe. And if we come in then, it won't be on your terms; it'll be on our terms. So this is kind of final."

"I feel sorry for you nesters," Steele said, sincerely. "I know how you've been treated out here. You've had to fight for food and water. You've been shunned and hated."

"But you took the wrong approach when you came to me. You shouldn't have threatened me. That's all right when you have something to back you up, but you don't. You don't have a gun. Or men. Nothing. I have something to back me up, outside that door behind you. You're just going to have to leave. I hope you realize there's nothing personal about this."

"I guess you didn't understand," the nester said, companionably.

He turned in his chair and unlatched the door. It swung open by itself and Steele's unconscious men fell in. And then an armed group of nesters walked in over their bodies and assembled themselves in various places.

"I must have underestimated you," reasoned Steele, dryly.

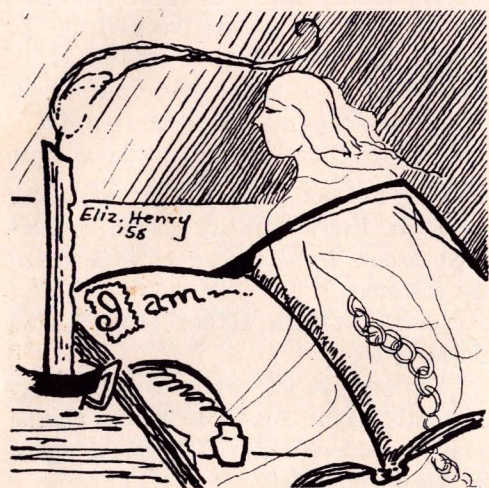
"The play is played out and I have received my reward. Gentlemen, I hope I am the first to congratulate you."

"You are, Mr. Steele," said the nester.



## Diary of a Phantom

By Elizabeth Henry, '58



I AM deep in thought as I sit here in this deserted, bleak old mansion. I am remembering the old days. Somehow it was always expected of me to put my thoughts on paper and to tell my friends about those adventures and wanderings of my youth—only such stories as would while away a storm-wracked night, or a peaceful one.

Mr. Clothesby lived the life of a cosmopolite. I knew well his wide-porch house, his spacious gardens, his tall trees, his marble statuary rising coldly against tapestried walls, his dark and shadowy libraries filled with rusty manuscripts, his wine cellar—in short, everything about him. Mr. Clothesby had traveled much as a boy; he had been to England and to India, I believe. Now his illness was confining him to his study. He never saw me, but I often came to visit him. I think he felt my presence, though, for he never dared to come near the third story of his house. No, if his wants were to be ob-

tained from the third floor, he would send his housekeeper up the creaking stairs . . .

It was nigh unto fifty years that "his royal highness" had lived there. Although now confined to his armchair, he lingered longer than was expected. But when he died and was spirited away one winter's eve, I came into possession of his mansion. I was lord of the manor, yet no one ever knew of me or benefited from my kindly visits. As for the housekeeper, she mysteriously disappeared, and the old house fell slowly into disrepair. I wonder if I didn't like it better that way?

I have seen none of my friends in all these years. I remember them as if it had been yesterday—all of us gathered 'round a candlelit table . . . As I write, one hundred years have gone by on the wind—one hundred years back into time forgotten. I saw my friends then, their transparent forms draped upon the rocks at the crossroads. I hailed them, but I think that they have forgotten me.

My shadow haunted all ages of time. I have now drifted back to the tombs of Egypt where once I was witness to the deaths of the Pharaohs and to the beauty of the daughters of the Nile. Yonder Vesuvius rumbles; the city below is buried beneath ash and debris. What longing I have for my mansion of the future!

You grow weary of my rambling tale. I can feel it in the way your restless eye wanders from this manuscript of dismalness. I could have gone on—on back into a past rich in memory, but you will not have it so. See me now come into the present once more; see me at my desk long scarred by time, and know that these are the products of IMAGINATION . . .

## A Night of Decision

By Annabel Callister, '58



IT was hot. It had been hot—very hot all day and had grown no cooler even when darkness fell. Limp and moist, I sat in my old rocker on the porch, sunk in a deep mood of depression. I looked down at my hands folded listlessly in my lap. They were old and gnarled. I felt as they did—old. I looked back on my sixty years of life—a spinster, unwanted, unknown. Nobody even cared, I thought. My mind drifted on, half delirious. Beads of perspiration moistened my forehead and I felt sick. I tried to push the thought away, but it was not a new one. It crept up on me in bed at night, a leering voice from behind the black, unknown wall of my mind. There was a way out, but I was weak. One day it could all be ended—

I sat bolt upright, startled. The storm broke with a fierce clap of thunder which rattled the timbers under my feet. Brilliant white devils of light danced across the sky in fiendish sulphurous zig-zags, closely followed by the thunderous wheels of Jove's chariot. Flash upon flash flickered and died, and roll followed roll with spine-chilling ferocity. I

sat, numbed, where I was. Slowly the drops began to fall, hitting the leaves of the maple and running onto the roof. Then the heavens opened. The lightning flashed through a million sparkling columns of water which seemed to stretch, each one, from heaven to earth. The earthy smell of warm, damp leaves filled my nostrils.

Then I saw him. Half running, half stumbling, the figure of a man, doubled over, could be clearly seen under the lamp across the street. Rising impulsively I called "Hey, you'll get soaked! Come on in!" Fortunately, he must have heard in the gap between two rumbles. He stopped and looked towards the porch like a wild animal scenting the air. I called again, and this time he came running.

It never occurred to me that I was all alone with a man I had never before set eyes on. All I saw was someone's husband or son about to catch his death of cold. I opened the door and turned on the light.

He was a young, handsome fellow in a grey flannel suit and no raincoat. But one look at his eyes made my heart stop. There was a glint, a desperate, trapped look that was somehow strangely familiar. I hesitated and then spoke quickly, my mind suddenly in focus again.

"Coffee? You must have some coffee. It'll keep you from catching cold. Trouble? No trouble at all. Just you sit yourself down there." I bustled around, avoiding his darting, searching eyes. He suddenly sat down at the kitchen table, and horrible, choking, hysterical sobs convulsed and tore at his fine masculine form. I felt terribly helpless. I had never heard a man cry before in my life and it was horrible. "Please," I ventured falteringly. "What's the matter, son?" He did not answer, I



but gradually the sobs grew quieter and at last he looked up, his face damp and blotched with crying.

"You - you're s-s-so kind," he husked. "I-I'm so, so—no, you wouldn't understand. It's too late now. No one cares anyway; it doesn't really matter, I'll be going now—"

"No!" I shouted. "You can't!" In a flash I realized why the desperate look had seemed so familiar to me. It had been in my own eyes, peering at me in the glass, filled with fear and aching loneliness, afraid to make the final, the eternal decision. I knew that he had made his.

Frantically I dragged at his coat. "No-no-NO!" I screamed. "You've no right! You can't take your own life!" But he was gone, disappearing through the waving goldenrod, towards the river, a frantic figure plunging on to death.

"The body of a young man, aged about twenty, wearing a grey flannel suit, was washed up early this morning three miles south of here on the banks of the—" So he had made his decision. What had driven him to it? Was it grief, love or loneliness? The voice of the newsman drawled on. A life had ended; a decision had been made in my kitchen—for both him and me.

The morning suddenly looked beautiful. It was warm, and the sun was shining again, making the pools glisten. Life is not meant to end like that, with fear and loneliness creeping up behind one and hurling one into the dark, cold river of eternity.

I must write to Cousin Sarah, Perhaps she would come and visit me for a while . . .

### C'EST DOMMAGE!

Traffic was stopped on South Street about a month ago when Tony Polidoro's motorcycle decided to cause a great commotion by catching on fire.

### FLYING HOME

By Karen Canfield, '59

Flying home.  
Cold green waves beneath,  
Racing with the silver bird,  
Gliding swiftly o'er the sea.  
Flying home.  
Soft, moist banks of clouds  
Torn asunder by our wings.  
Flying home.  
Lights below,  
People, shadows  
In the night.  
Flying home.  
"Fasten Seat Belts"  
Shining on the wall.  
Our wheels touch down.  
Noise vanishes;  
All is still.  
Then doors swing open.  
Waving people,  
Cold night winds,  
Neon signs.  
Home.

### SYMBOLISM

By Linda Gagnier, '58

I walked, this autumn day thither,  
I know not where;  
For in my heart I pondered  
My multitudinous cares  
But in my ambling I chanced  
To meet a woman,  
Whose countenance bore agony  
And whose shoulders sagged  
With troubles of the world.  
I know not whence she came,  
Nor where she went.  
I returned,  
And my multitudinous cares  
Seemed selfish;  
Compared to those  
Borne by her—  
A symbol of the world.

## A Myth? Perhaps

By Linda Gagnier, '58

WILL you, a perfect stranger, allow me, another stranger, to tell you the story of a man whom biographers do not know ever existed? Mitchell Carter was not the hero of the ages, but to all who knew him he was a symbol of the good, wonderful, beautiful things in the world. This is not an eulogy, for he would have been annoyed at such a thought. These are the facts, just the facts.

He's gone now, but whenever I smell the wonderful aroma of tobacco, I see before me Mitchell Carter. To little folks, he was Santa Claus and the Easter bunny joined in a delightful combination; to his employees, a gruff person with the moment's business his only concern. However, we—children, that is—knew that he wouldn't harm a flea. As I grow older and look in retrospect at the happy days as a child, I cannot help but believe that he felt that his employees might penetrate his barrier; hence, he defended it by his gruffness.

One glance at him was all I needed to know that he would be my friend for life. He had a certain air surrounding him which captured the hearts of all who had the pleasure of meeting him—save his employees, poor souls. What a pity that they never took the opportunity to look beneath the surface!

I can recall visiting his office many years ago. It was a great example of his dual personality. Everything had its place, as did everyone; and nothing was out of order, not even the secretaries, for they were working assiduously at the task before them. As I approached the great door which bore his name, a terrible fright seized me. I could hear a meek voice attempting to utter a few words above a bellowing voice. I had just turned to go when the disheveled secretary came from his office, but I was too late. I was called into his office and given this explanation:

"Helen is a new girl, but she is the best secretary I have seen in a long time. She'll go places, but someone has to show her that life isn't all peaches and cream. She needs to learn that you have to take the bitter with the sweet, and I am the bitter. She has to assert herself and learn what her duties are."

To a little girl of six these were terrifying and muddled words; nevertheless, they have remained in my mind. I am older now, and I am able to interpret his words. He had a way of teaching everyone who came "across his path", although, more often than not, one didn't realize it at the time.

It was far more exciting to visit him than to have him pay us a call. He had in his possession all sorts of curious things. The late autumn nights hold the fondest memories for me, because he would light the fire in the gray stone fireplace, offer us popcorn to pop or marshmallows to toast, pull up a chair for himself and begin his thrilling sagas. There was nothing more enjoyable than to sit by the warmth of the fire with the wind howling outside and to travel vicariously to worlds far away.

He was a Robert Louis Stevenson, a Charles Dickens, and a Mark Twain combined. He would draw forth a trinket of the pirate days and take us aboard the ship with Long John Silver. He might extract a sixpence from his pocket and we would be David Copperfield walking the streets of London. Sometimes he would reach up to the mantel and take down the ship he had carved as a boy, and he would be Huckleberry Finn or Tom Sawyer.

His lessons always had a moral. He would never tell us a story unless he proved a point or gave us a bit of philosophy. We didn't realize it, but the young mind retains many things, and in later years we could reach into



the filing cabinet of the brain and bring forth scores of information.

After we had toured a zoo one day, we reclined on a park bench and he told me of slavery and captivity. He told me how the Negroes had been treated as slaves so many years ago. He mused on the lives of animals, how they wished to be free but were caged. He told me how wrong it is for any one person to treat another as an animal. This simple method of explanation has remained with me through the years.

Yes, he's gone now, and he is roaming the streets of a new city. This wonderful person, whose main purpose in life was to love people, to teach them, to show them the right direction, to enjoy the gamut of life, takes me through history and fiction, through the South and through the streets of London, whenever I inhale the curious smell of tobacco. I shall never forget him.

### JUSTIFICATION

By June McMahon, '58

Rain, rain, go away,  
I must go to school today.  
And your dampness makes me pout,  
'Cause my curls will all come out.

Wind, wind, cease to blow,  
On to prison I must go.  
My homework papers could breeze free  
I might be late—oh, misery.

Snow, snow, must you fall?  
I may not get to school at all.  
What a mishap it would be  
My lovely teachers not to see.

Hail, hail, just like lead,  
You might dent my tender head.  
With all these snags I dare not roam,  
So what the heck—I'm stayin' home!

### NIGHT TRAIN

By Karen Canfield, '59

Screaming through the darkness,  
Steady, pressing onward.  
Cold, diamond cities beckon.  
Night train.

Lonesome whistle  
Sobbing at midnight.  
Bleak November  
Night train.

### "OTHER LOOSE" RHYMES

By Henrie Haidak, '58

Mary, Mary, why not be wary, don't you  
know at your classes you should show?  
"Well, with Seniors lying and Juniors trying  
it seems to the dome I always go!"

Georgie, Porgie, pudd'n pie  
Threw spit balls to make the girls cry.  
When Mr. Hennessy learned what he'd done,  
He put an end to Georgie's fun!

### AUTUMN RAIN

By Karen Canfield, '59

Autumn rain,  
Streaking down my windowpane,  
Sad and grey.  
Heavens, what a dreary day!  
Next, I know,  
Will come hail and sleet and snow.

### A COMMON CRY?

Above the din in the crowded cafeteria  
can be heard the voice of some unlucky person  
saying, "Come in, kids. I saved some places  
at our window sill."

## Three from Our Midst

### A MANX IN THE U.S.



ANNABEL CALLISTER

JEAN Seberg, the Joan of Arc of the recent movie, admitted, "Every mother in the U. S. is wondering just how I got the part." It seems that everyone finds himself wondering just what qualities are needed for success in any form. P.H.S. has, as a new student this year, a girl who exemplifies those qualities.

Annabel Callister is a sixteen-year-old, softspoken senior, with an air of maturity which a lot of high school students don't have.

In England Annabel belonged to the Girls' Friends Society, which sponsors a Christian Youth Exchange program. During the latter part of June she filled out an application in order to participate in this program and promptly forgot about it. For most of the applicants, that was it, but for the exceptional few, a trip to London for an interview was next in line. Two weeks later, much to her surprise, Annabel found herself leaving the Isle of Man and going to London. She was astounded to hear, ten days later, that she

had been chosen to represent England and visit America. Asked what she had thought at the time, Annabel replied, "I just couldn't believe it!"

On the trip over she enjoyed what every busy teenager dreams of—a twenty-five hour day for five whole days in a row, due to the difference in time between England and America. The boat, the "Arosa Sky," was carrying other exchange students, and you can imagine what fun it must have been with pleasures like table tennis and dancing.

Of course, a comparison between England and America naturally suggests itself. There is co-education in England, but Annabel, who wants to be a nurse, went to a public school for girls where the students are placed in classes according to their intelligence. Comparing her former homework with what she has now, Annabel decided, "I have about the same amount." One has to be eighteen to get a driver's license in England, so most boys of high school age don't have cars of their own. She also said that English boys and girls don't date as young as we do or go steady, but a twin boys' school near hers gives several dances a year, and there are always dates for the movies. "As the British are very film conscious, England gets a large number of American movies," she commented. As a result, American slang is not unfamiliar to them, and they have rock and roll too.

Annabel's home is a small fishing and farming village on the Isle of Man, which is about in the middle of the Irish sea. In the Callister family are Annabel's father, a bank manager; her mother; Daphne, her older sister; and her tail-less cat.

Asked about her school life, Annabel replied that she is "impressed by the friendliness" and "really pleased with the school"



although the enormity of it makes her feel a bit like just another number instead of a person. As for Annabel's first impression of a football game, she says it was "absolutely loony!" Now that she understands them better, she is looking forward to cheering at many more.

Annabel gives the impression of being intelligent, mature, courteous, and modest. You can't help but like her, and it's easy to see why she was chosen for this program. Things would be better for everyone if more people were like her.

## American in Paris

By Karl L. Halperin, '59

THIS past summer I had the good fortune to attend the Boy Scout Jubilee held at Sutton Park, England. While this momentous event itself was a novel and rewarding personal experience, our tour of several European countries in the five weeks that followed the historic assembly proved even more stimulating and educational.

It is my hope that you readers will enjoy with me several episodes of this wonderful trip as I humbly recall once again the more memorable "high spots."

So—on to France, and the gay city of Paris.

After leaving the French Riviera, we rode by train via Marseille to Paris. We arrived on a warm and humid evening at La Gare de l'Est. There we were greeted by representatives of the American Express and placed on touring coaches which brought us to various hotels throughout the city. En route we drove along the Champs Elysees, past the Obelisque toward the Arc of Triumph. It was a beautiful sight to see all the many monuments and fountains illuminated by myriad colored floodlights. The effect was so unusual that it is no wonder that the Champs Elysees is famous the world over.

The following day we took a walking tour down Champs Elysees toward the Louvre on the River Seine. We saw buildings representative of French architecture during the eighteenth century—the Petit Palace, Chamber of Deputies, and other governmental structures. Most of the buildings had been constructed during the reign of the famous "Louie" dynasty: XIV, XV, XVI.

That evening a group of us, accompanied by our leaders, decided to view some of the Parisian cultural entertainment. Our destination: the Moulin Rouge where, for a nominal price, we received a meal and courage to watch their floor show. After a most enjoyable evening, we retired exhausted and dazed.

We visited the famous Louvre and noted such renowned sculpture as Venus de Milo and such paintings as the Mona Lisa, both equally beautiful works of art. We went to the Eiffel Tower and, upon reaching the top, saw a spectacular panorama of the city. During our last afternoon in Paris, we visited the Palace of Versailles and found it to be everything it is acclaimed to be, and more. Here is a really geometrical building with magnificent and beautiful gardens to match. Later, we were invited by the Americam ambassador and his wife to a reception at the Embassy on Champs Elysees. It was a real picnic, American style, with hot dogs, ice-cream, and soda, things which we had been away from for so long.

Paris will truly remain in my mind as a wonderful climax to a glorious trip.

*Editor's note: Sequels to this article will appear in subsequent issues.*

## NEVER!

A misunderstood homework assignment gave a certain sophomore writer's cramp and a night of arduous work when he wrote fifteen compositions instead of fifteen topic sentences.

## ACTRESS AT PHS



CAROLEE CAROLL

MANY times you have heard about boys and girls being discovered by talent scouts. It is true in most cases that you are just discovered. I can speak from experience. Since I have been three years old, show business has been my second life. Not everyone has the opportunity to live the life which I have led.

Living in Southbridge, Massachusetts, didn't seem to offer any prospect for a future career in New York, but truth is stranger than fiction.

In Worcester, Eddie Cantor was performing daily with his troupe in which a little girl was needed, since his regular girl had become ill. I took her place because I could sing and dance. Little did I know that this incident would lead me to a new and fascinating world. With this troupe, New York City was the next and final stop. And this last stop became my home for thirteen years.

After I left Eddie Cantor, my hard work and training began. First, I took dramatic lessons to improve my diction and interpretation of different scenes. My dancing was

continued. By this time I was old enough to attend a special school for children who work in show business. The name of the school is "Professional Children's School." While training, I modeled for children's clothing, fashion shows, magazines, and even portraits. When I was about eight years old, I auditioned for the show, "Annie Get Your Gun." It was a nice part which enabled me to travel all over the United States, as well as Mexico and Canada. For the fourteen months the tour lasted, I was tutored in order that I could maintain a certain average to pass my work for the year. The experience will never be forgotten, and the people that I worked with will always be remembered.

Meanwhile, I found that a new medium had crept into the theatrical world, television. At first, commercials, advertising cereals and different products were popular for my age group. But then as television came into perfection so did many new dramatic shows, in which the work was more difficult. The shows which later made their debut and in which I started my television career were Studio One, United States Steel, Kraft Television Theater, and Cosmopolitan Theater. The majority of these parts were of co-starring status while the rest were minor parts.

The time between the television shows was filled in by the movies where I also tried my luck. The first picture I had a part in was "September Affair," the second was "The Caddy," and the third, "A Face in a Crowd." These pictures enabled me to work with many big name stars.

Since my move to Massachusetts, I have stopped all theatrical work. But what I have done is unusual, and I shall treasure all the memories.

In some of the forthcoming issues of THE STUDENT'S PEN I shall try to relate some of my experiences with this fantastic world, and with the people who are a part of it.



## On Integration

By Max Goodman, '58

TO anyone abreast of current affairs, it becomes evident that integration is far from a black-and-white issue, nicely cut and dried. On the one hand, there are the dyed-in-the-wool Southern whites, who know only segregation because they have been reared in its shadow. On the other hand, there are the sometimes righteously indignant, sometimes hypocritical Northern whites, who consider all Southerners "white trash" because of their feelings.

The South maintains that the Negro is inferior, and would ruin the educational and social structure if allowed to join the whites. Southerners say that they will never allow integration.

The North says that the Negroes are being denied constitutional rights and are not being shown human decency.

Let's look at the facts:

First, the South is only hurting itself by refusing rights to the Negro. The Southern white pays for his belief in taxes on slums, in the inconveniences caused by separate facilities, in the kinks in industrial progress, and in the loss of leaders for the community.

It is obvious that the Negro suffers, for he is not allowed to enjoy the privileges that he should enjoy as an American citizen.

The Northerner has been reared in traditions of equality and democracy, and cannot stand to see this oppression on American soil.

Integration will come because the Southerner cannot afford to have it otherwise. It will come because the reputation of the entire U. S. A. is hurt by Communist propaganda about Little Rock and the "John Kaspers." It will come because the President of the United States has shown that nothing will stand in its way. But . . . it must be done gradually, because of Southern tradition. To

the people of the South the present treatment of the Negroes is not race hatred, but a way of life. It is something which has been passed down from father to son, for generations. To try to rend segregation abruptly away from the fabric of the Southern mode would only be to plunge the country into chaos.

### THE FANCY-FREE

By Karen Canfield, '59

I went from home  
One autumn day.  
I know not where  
I chanced to stray;  
But golden fields  
Were all around,  
And from the trees  
Poured dulcet sound.  
Sweet, pungent smoke  
Hung on the hills,  
And in a brook's  
Enchanted trills,  
I heard that I  
Must always be  
A member of  
The fancy-free.

### GLORIOUS AUTUMN

By Karen Canfield, '59

Glorious Autumn!  
Sun streaming through,  
Sweet, pungent air,  
Skies of pure blue.

Heaven on earth.  
Broad fields calling,  
Freshly turned ground,  
Red leaves falling.

Purple asters,  
Floating down streams;  
Lavender mountains,  
Bright golden dreams.

## SCHOOL NOTES

### THE PEP CLUB

The "Pep Club" is a new group composed of more than 300 students organized for the purpose of arousing more school spirit. Two representatives from each class were chosen and they are as follows:

Seniors, Doug Woodard and Carole Ditello; juniors, Dick Morrell and Julianne Polidoro; sophomores, Dick Bolster and Judy George. From these representatives officers were chosen. Doug Woodard is president; Carole Ditello, vice president and recording secretary; and Julianne Polidoro, treasurer.

At a private meeting of the representatives, a constitution was drawn up which states that any person who misses more than two meetings without a legitimate excuse will lose his membership.

At the games a special cheering section will be roped off for the "Pep Club." Each member will have a card which admits him to this section. Buttons and/or beanies will be worn by the members.

### MUSIC NOTES

The P.H.S. Marching Band, with over one-hundred members, made its first appearance September 27, at the football game against Springfield Trade. In spite of the fact that the band has many new members and has had only a short time in which to practice they made an excellent showing.

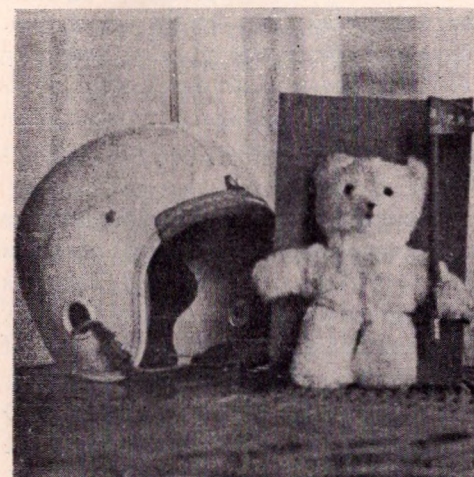
The Choraleers have started once again. In the near future they will be getting purple and white robes to wear at their concert. There are approximately fifty members.

The P.H.S. Dance Band is beginning to tune up. The members are—saxophones: Dick Russo, Biff Bonnivier, Mark Melikan, Dave Badger, Tom Dillard; trumpets: Tony Russo, Dan DiNicola, Matt Jacoby, Ken Van Bramer; trombones: Pete Campoli, Pete Stickles, Charles Therrien; piano: Bob Guerina; bass: Louie Boos, and drums: Dave Sohles.

### P.H.S. MASCOTS

Once again the P.H.S. Mascots are making an appearance. This white bear with his purple banner is sold annually by the Cadettes who will use the money to start a scholarship for a senior Cadette. He is a representation of our school spirit, and is carried to most of the games. It is hoped that every student of Pittsfield High will own one of these mascots.

Prizes will be awarded at a later date. Those students who have bought a mascot this year will be eligible for prizes, consisting of a season basketball ticket, two records, and several movie passes.





## MEET THE FACULTY



MR. HENRY BARBER

A new member of the faculty at Pittsfield High School is Mr. Barber, a science teacher, who previously taught at South Jr. High.

Mr. Barber has recently been appointed Business Advisor to THE STUDENT'S PEN.

Mr. Barber graduated from State Teachers College at Bridgewater and the University of New Hampshire. He has taught in Farmington and Epping, New Hampshire; at the high school at Branford, Connecticut, and at Lee High. Besides teaching, Mr. Barber has worked at the Load Ratio Control Test and the Laboratory at the General Electric.

When he is asked what he does in his free time, Mr. Barber replied, "What free time?" However, he does enjoy photography, fishing, golfing, and reading.

His advice to pupils interested in science is to "take advantage of today's opportunities."

Mr. Barber is glad to be at Pittsfield High and says it's just like the old times. We are sure Mr. Barber will continue to enjoy teaching here and we are equally sure we will enjoy having him here.

### LIBRARY SQUAD

The Pittsfield High School Library Squad is a school service group developed for the purpose of helping our Librarian, Mrs. Farrell, and also to learn something about the functions of a library. The sixteen members of the squad voluntarily give up their study periods each week to do various jobs around the library.

Anyone who is willing to work, and has a desire to learn about the library, is welcome to join.

The members of the Library Squad are Margaret Plantier, Carol Adams, Shirley Gero, Nancy Gero, Sandra Felter, Beverly Miller, Virginia Martin, Mary Ann Maluda, Barbara Jones, Barbara Silvernail, Carol Anne Hatch, Nancy Elser, Blanche Howard, David Conant, Wesley Olds and Mari Sheerin.

One of the advantages of being on the Library Squad is that it offers excellent experience for prospective librarians or, for that matter, anyone interested in books. Our thanks to the Pittsfield High School Library Squad for its fine service.

### RETAIL SALES CLASS

The Retail Sales class recently organized the Retail Sales Club for the school year. Election of officers took place on September 16. The following people were elected: president, Lawrence DiMassimo; treasurer, Barbara Komorowski; and secretary, Georgeann Parks.

Among the activities planned for the year are the organization of a bowling team and a Halloween Party at the Crippled Children's Home sometime near the end of October. Marilyn Honiker was appointed chairman of this activity.

Displays for fall have been completed by the students. Anyone who would like to see these displays is welcome to visit Room 107.

### SENIOR CLASS ELECTIONS

The Senior Class primary elections were held on September 30. The winning candidates were as follows: Charles Mancivalano and Anthony Sottile were nominated for the presidency; Bernard Murphy and Robert Walker for boys' vice president; Pauline Skogsberg and Mabel Hashim for girls' vice president; Linda Kosher and Patricia Ryan for treasurer. There was no contest for secretary since there were only two candidates—Joyce Cunningham and Julee Russo.

The final elections, which were held on October 2, were won by Charles Mancivalano, Robert Walker, Mabel Hashim, Patricia Ryan and Joyce Cunningham.

A very important group connected with these elections is the Senior Election Committee. This committee consists of one member from each home room. This member is chosen in his junior year and serves for two years. The duties of the committee include such jobs as checking off the names of the voters, aiding in the operation of the voting machines, and acting as runner to call the voters—a job which can be very difficult if you are not in condition.

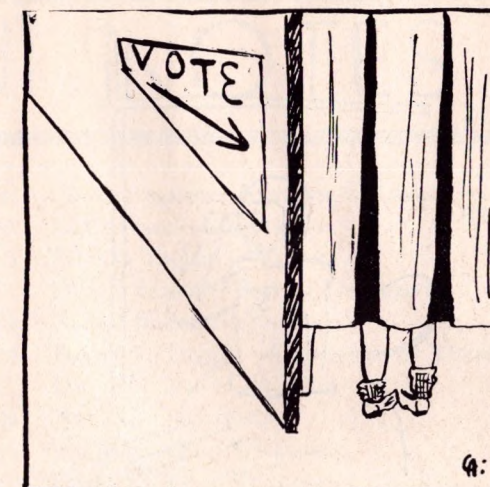
The Election Committee has been ably led by last year's chairman, Louie Boos, and by this year's, Nancy Albright.

### SPORTS' QUIZ

Can you identify the following:

1. Heavyweight champ who held the crown for twelve years.
2. American League and National League batting stars for 1957.
3. Scoring champ in the N.B.A. last year.
4. P.H.S. faculty member who played with the Baltimore Colts in the National Football League.
5. The number of World Series the New York Yankees had won before last year.
6. Present middle-weight champion.
7. Number One college team in 1956.
8. Origination of the game of baseball.

Answers on page 29



### TRI-HI-Y

A brief look at Tri-Hi-Y reveals the following developments. In Beta, Jane Barlow was elected president; Jane Vogel, vice president; Barbara Choquett, secretary; Carol Gomes, treasurer; Sandy Russo, chaplain; and Ginny Hover, warden.

Margot Shandoff, Beverly Wohrle, Judy Trova, Evelyn Ferrero, Joan Farrell, and June Alcombright are the respective officers of Gamma.

Heading Alpha for the year will be—Kathy Metropoulos, Lynne Ochiano, Carolyn George, Joan Hall, and Marilyn Hill, who will serve as chaplain and warden.

Theta elected Paula Spasyk, president; Marcia Shampang, vice president; Barbara Thompson, secretary; Jeanne Gilardi, treasurer, and Judy Mavrikis, chaplain and warden.

Delta's officers for the year will be Elaine Tremblay, and Debbie Dalton, for president and vice president respectively.

Dick Merrill, president; Bruce Barnett and Nancy Albright, vice presidents; Ginny Valin, secretary; Mary Jane Vickery, treasurer; and Anne Farrell, chaplain, were the choices of Phi-Hi-Y members.

Beta is holding a sale of "I'm from P.H.S." buttons, while Phi-Hi-Y is publishing the '57-'58 Buzz Book.





Fenton is the most effective guard  
we've ever had.

## Casey's Column

In almost every issue of *THE PEN*, articles have been written about the merits and achievements of the students and teachers of P.H.S. But how about the *demerits* all of us have and the "goofs" we all make? Do you think anyone would dare mention how a teacher looks as she "bawls out" her class, or how a typical "gangster" conducts himself outside the classroom? Anyone who wrote anything like that would probably get expelled from school or sent to the office. But in the next few issues of *THE STUDENT'S PEN*, I will attempt to do the impossible by relating to you some of my casual observations as I roam the halls of P.H.S. No names will be mentioned; so you need not worry too much, my friends. "But be careful what you say and do, 'cause I'm watchin' you!"

Read Casey's Column in the next issue of *THE PEN*.

You may be the star.

Casey

## Cheerleaders

### VARSITY

The P.H.S. cheerleaders, in their snappy new uniforms, have been doing an exceptional job of raising school spirit. Captained by Polly Skogsberg, the varsity group consists of Pat Driscoll, Jeanne Gilardi, Johanna Kessler, Barbara LeBarnes, Margaret McGregor, Beth Morrill, and Paula Spasyk. Among their accomplishments have been the creation of several new cheers and organization of the "Pep Club." They may be seen at the weekly meetings of the "Pep Club," practicing the cheers.

### JAY VEE

For several weeks many girls have been seen limping up the halls and groaning every time they climbed the stairs. These girls were not suffering from rheumatism but only from a disease called "cheerleading tryouts." But on October 22, nine happy girls were rewarded for their effort by being chosen as the new J.V. cheerleaders. The new cheerleaders include Carolyn George, Linda Hickey, Ann McCabe, Michaela Maguire, Elaina Menin, Meribah Mitchell, Pam O'Donnell, Margot Shandoff, and Judith Trova.

Congratulations to these girls for we are sure they will carry on the good work of former cheerleaders!

### STUDENT COUNCIL

The following were elected to Student Council:

**Seniors:** Mabel Hashim, Sharon Kelsey, Regina Pleau, Julee Russo, Pauline Skogsberg, Matthew Collins, Charles Mancivalano, Michael Mole, Richard Morwick, Bernard Murphy.

**Juniors:** Rose Carlo, Patricia Leahey, Carol Madison, Jeffery Burns, Fred Cox, Joseph Garcia.

**Sophomores:** Donna Daly, Pamela Sloper, Cass Johnson, Walter McHendry.

# ALUMNI NOTES

Vivien Levitt, class of '56, a student at Bryant College, has been elected president of the Hillel Foundation and president of the Inter-Faith Council.

Alan Clayson, class of '56, has gone back to school early to start practice with the varsity football team at Brown University.

A few days ago, we received a letter from Dave Farrell who is a freshman at Williams College. Portions of the letter are quoted below.

"After today's classes I felt it my duty to relay my experiences back to P.H.S. I really love it here at Williams, but to say that it is tough is an understatement . . .

"I hope that you will relay to the students that they cannot work enough, if only for the self-discipline that it will bring to them. That good old word list cannot be over-emphasized, and most of all, one must be able to express himself clearly and accurately without hesitation.

"If I were a sophomore again, I would not waste time, merely because I was already familiar with the work being presented in class. Strict discipline and concentration are of incomparable value in college."

### ATTENDING COLLEGE

Deborah Selkowitz—SKIDMORE  
Johanna Selkowitz—SKIDMORE  
Paul Venti—R.P.I.  
Maureen Connors—ENDICOTT JUNIOR  
Dorothy Fedoryshyn—UNIVERSITY OF MASSACHUSETTS  
Allan Cassidy—NORTHEASTERN  
Robert Rohlf—UNIVERSITY OF N. C.  
Barbara Belcher—BECKER JUNIOR  
Thomas Holleran—LOWELL TEACHER'S  
Brenda Wilde—UNIVERSITY OF MASSACHUSETTS

Carole Spearin—ANTIOCH COLLEGE  
Linda Place—MIDDLEBURY  
Patricia Tagliere—BRYANT  
Phyllis Benson—BOSTON UNIVERSITY  
Robert Budnitz—YALE  
Raymond Tuggey—UNIVERSITY OF VERMONT  
David Wilson—COLUMBIA  
Ann Russ—SKIDMORE  
John Dunham—WILLIAMS  
David Farrell—WILLIAMS  
Robert Farrell—FORDHAM  
John Reagan—FORDHAM  
Kenneth Gale—COLGATE  
Sandra Hagen—BAY PATH JUNIOR  
Brenda Barton—SYRACUSE UNIVERSITY  
Marilyn Dastoli—SYRACUSE UNIVERSITY  
Ann Bingham—UNIVERSITY OF MASSACHUSETTS  
Carole Olson—UNIVERSITY OF MASSACHUSETTS  
Thomas Mulcahy, Jr.—UNIVERSITY OF MIAMI  
Sally Hickey—RUSSELL SAGE  
Nicholas Morris, Jr.—HOLY CROSS  
Francis Murphy—HOLY CROSS  
Robert Morris—UNIVERSITY OF BRIDGEPORT

### WANDERLUST OF A CELT

By Karen Canfield, '59

I must be gone!  
I cannot stay!  
Across the hills  
And far away  
There is a place  
I have not been,  
There is a shore  
I have not seen!  
I'll walk the earth  
Until I see  
No unknown land  
Awaiting me.



# WHO'S WHO



JULIE GILLISPIE  
JoANN McMAHON

Meet Julie Gillispie and JoAnn McMahon, two active seniors, who are the '57-'58 co-editors of THE PEN. Julie's activities have included Junior Good Will chairman, home room representative and treasurer, varsity hockey, softball, and volleyball. She is Girls' Sports Editor of the Yearbook and a Cadette.

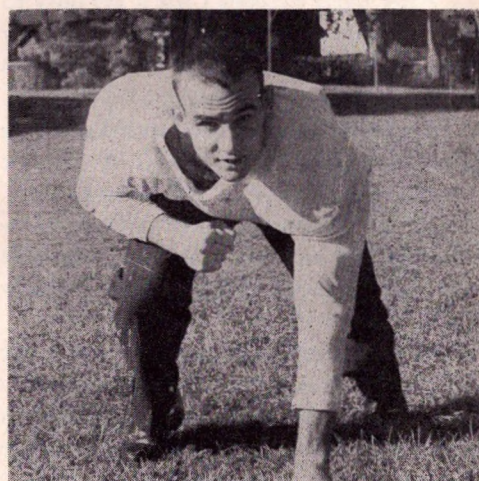
JoAnn has served for two years as home room representative and was a member of the ring committee. She is assistant editor of the '58 Yearbook.

Future plans for both girls include college.

MATTY COLLINS

Matty Collins has served on the Junior Class Council and as co-chairman of the Ticket Committee for the Junior Prom. Last year he was a delegate to Massachusetts Boys' State, where he was elected County Treasurer.

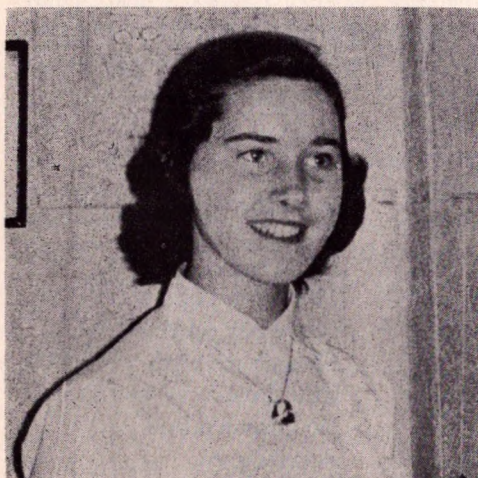
In P.H.S. sports, he serves as captain of the football team, and is a member of the hockey and track teams. Matt has little time for other extra-curricular activities, but does enjoy hunting and fishing.



CAROL VARANKA

This active senior is an officer of the Cadettes as well as Editor of Girls' Sports for THE PEN. Last year she was on the decorating committee for the Junior Prom and was also a home room representative. A lover of sports, Carol has been captain of the field hockey team and the basketball team, and a member of the volleyball team.

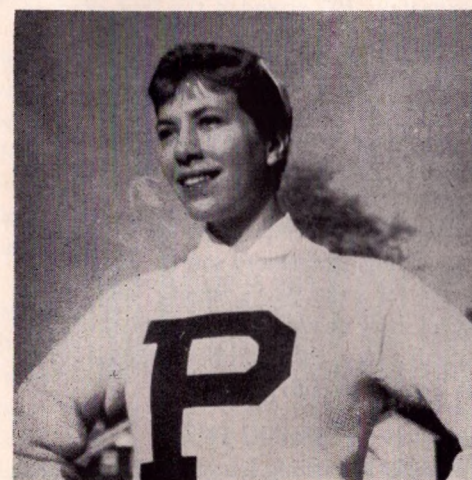
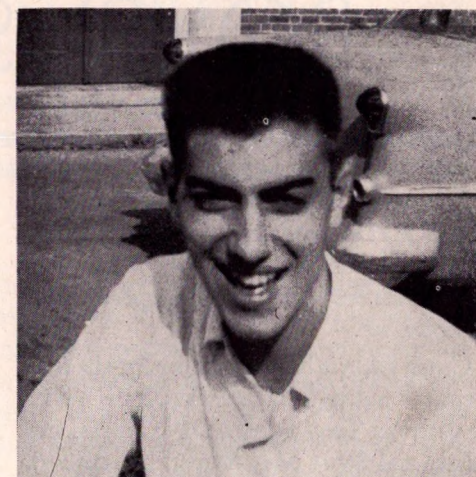
Next year Carol would like to go to the University of Massachusetts and major in Education. Let's hope her college days are as successful as her high school days have been.



# WHO'S WHO

LOUIE BOOS

Louie Boos, a tech senior, is editor of the year book. Last year he was chairman of the Junior Election Committee and on the Junior Class Council. He represents the technical department on the United Students Fund and is president of the United Students Fund Assembly. Louie is musical, with a big M. He plays tuba in the P.H.S. Pep Club and German bands and doubles in string bass in the dance band. He sings, too, and is a member of the Choraleers.



POLLY SKOGSBERG

Polly Skogsberg is an especially active member of the senior class. She is captain of the cheerleaders and has been a member of the band for two years. She was girls' vice-president of the Junior Class, a member of the Student Council, and a home room representative.

She hopes to major in Physical Education at either Skidmore or St. Lawrence college. Good luck, Polly!

TONY SOTTILE

Tony Sottile, three-year varsity football man, manages the basketball team in the winter, and in the spring goes out for track.

Affable Tony was a sophomore home room representative; and as a junior he was on the Student Council, acted as co-chairman of the Junior Prom, and is now serving this year as representative to the United Students Fund and as representative to Massachusetts Boys' State!

The versatile Tony likes sports, people and travelling. In college he plans to study Business Administration and Law. The best always!





# BOYS' SPORTS

TONY POLIDORO, DAVE FARRELL, DANNY SOLIN, BOB BUDNITZ

## FOOTBALL

The P.H.S. football team looked pretty good from the bleachers when the team played their first game with Springfield Trade in September.

Coach Morris has high hopes for the inexperienced but well-trained team. He is relying on veterans Tony Sottile, Dave Sohles, Phil Balmer and Steve Meacham to use their experience from previous years to good effect, and he has high hopes for Jeff Burns and Bill Eramo, two great backfield men.

The defensive line this year is a little shaky but with a little more practice, the line should be as tight as a drum, according to Matt Collins, captain. Also Jeff Burns, P.H.S. quarterback, said that although no passing was done, he expected to have a couple of pass plays developed before the next game.

Coach Morris was pleased with the playing by Pittsfield and so were the patrons of the game. We all wish the team the best of luck this year and hope for a fine season.

## NEW COACHES

Pittsfield High has two new football coaches this year.

Mr. Charles Garivaltis is the line coach for the varsity for 1957. He graduated from P.H.S. in 1952 and from Colgate University last June.

Mr. William Murray is the coach for the J.V. squad, organized this year. Mr. Murray was line coach for St. Joseph's High School last year.

We shall have more about these coaches later.

## P.H.S. LAUNCHES

### J.V. FOOTBALL PROGRAM

Pittsfield High has put into action a Junior Varsity football program for sophomores and juniors to provide them with experience for varsity playing. In September Coach Morris called all the sophomores and juniors to the auditorium to obtain applicants. Approximately 103 attended the first practice. The team will be cut down to 25 players. The coach for the J.V.'s is Mr. William Murray, last year's assistant coach at St. Joseph's High School. The schedule will include games with Cranwell, Lenox, Drury, Adams High and Darrow Prep School J.V.'s.

This program should prove very successful in supplying experienced and trained football players for next year's varsity, and if any players show enough promise and are capable of varsity play, they will be promoted before this season comes to an end.

## FLYING PINS

The Tech Bowling League is off to a good start again this year. Senior Dick Wilson was elected to head the four teams. The teams, consisting of four bowlers each, are the "Misguided Missiles," captained by Bill Silvernail; the "Houndawgers," headed by Bill Morton; Dave Cox's "Alley Aces," and Ted Dudley's "Alley Kats."

The Pastime Alleys really see some action on Monday afternoons when fellows like Sandy Martin, who holds high average crown; Bob Simmons, high single man with 123; and high triple man, Dick Wilson, with 295, send those pins askew.

All the teams are trying their best to take first place so it will be a battle-royal fight up until the last ball is rolled. Best of luck to all of them!

# GIRLS' SPORTS

ANN SOLERA POLLY SKOGSBERG JUDY ROHLFS SHIRLEY THOMAS CAROL VARANKA  
DOROTHY FEDORYSHYN WALTERINA MALUDA JUDY JONES BRENDA WILDE SERENA HADDAD

## FIELD HOCKEY

Autumn is here and once more field hockey season has begun. The sophomores have been diligently practicing every Thursday afternoon. They are learning the fundamentals of the sport in preparation for their future games with the juniors and seniors. Many of them show great promise.

Those girls who have endured the cool autumn weather for this exciting but strenuous sport are Sandy Choquette, Kathy Maces, Beverly Weber, Maureen Connelly, Sally Dickson, Susan Roots, Donna Daly, Sally Frissell, Paula Collins, Kay Reagan, Pam Sloper, Luella Welton, Judy George, and Linda Anderson.

Miss MacNaughton is very pleased with the acceptance of field hockey by the juniors this season. Among the thirty girls who wish to participate are many newcomers showing much ability, as Pat Grant, Cherie Goyette, Carol Adams, and Pat Pellows. Outstanding second year players from the junior class are Pat Benoit, Pat Leahey, Pat Cimini, Carol Sacchetti, Penny Fall, Joyce Borden, Joanne Procopio, Barb Trzcinka, and Margot Shandoff.

The seniors have again started this game. By practicing and learning new and better methods of play, the seniors should have another winning team. Among those who played last year are Sandy Martinelli, Patsy Ryan, Marty Richmond, Joyce Cunningham, Linda Massery, Lorraine Maslanka, Julie Gillispie, and Carol Varanka. Among the outstanding newcomers are Ruth Henderson, Shirley Thomas, and Jane Barlow.

Although the varsity teams have not yet been chosen, each class looks very promising. Good luck, girls!

## SOPHOMORE BADMINTON

The "birdies" are flying hard and fast in the gym every afternoon except Fridays, because that is the day the sophomores have badminton practice. They receive instruction in preparation for the badminton tournament, held every spring. Their instructor, Miss Jean Morgan, says that they all seem to be very good. Some of the girls that are especially good and who should do well in the tournament are Linda Castagnetti, Linda Jinks, Sandra Jillson, Sally Dickson, Anne Kelly, Rosaline Rivers, Jill Horton, Barbara Manzo-lini, Judy Hammer, Sally Bridgham, and Beverly Search.

## SENIOR GYM CLASSES

No gym classes are held for the seniors this year because of the overcrowded sophomore and junior class. However, many seniors go down to the gym, during their free period, as "gym helpers." These girls aid Miss "Mac" and Miss Morgan in many ways.

Volleyball will begin November first for all who wish to participate.

## Answers to Sports Quiz.

1. Joe Louis
2. Ted Williams—Stan Musial
3. Paul Arizen
4. Mr. Art Fox
5. Seventeen
6. Carmen Basilio
7. Oklahoma
8. Abner Doubleday



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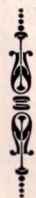


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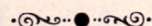
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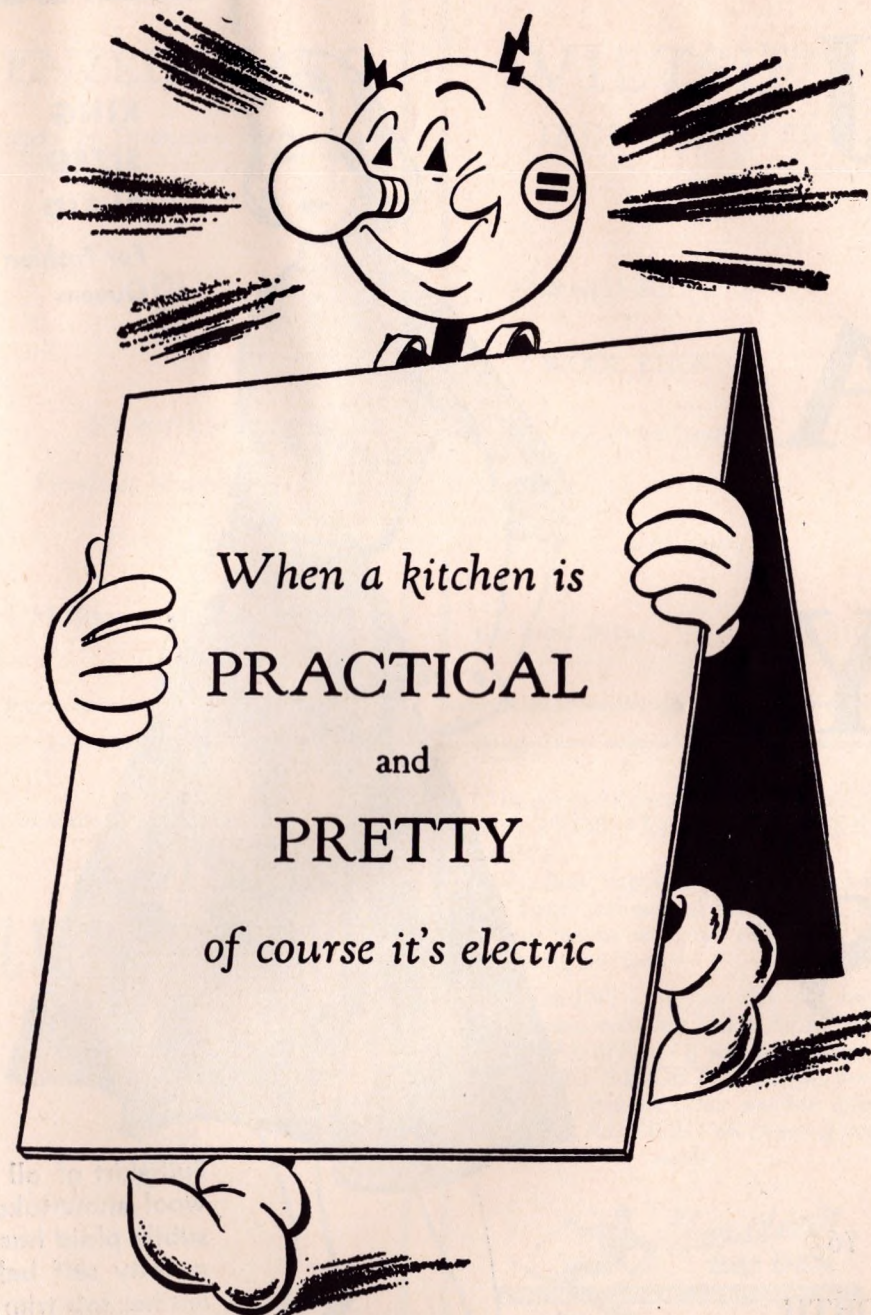
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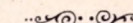
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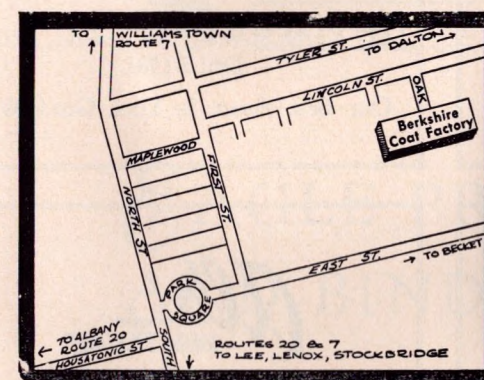
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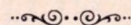
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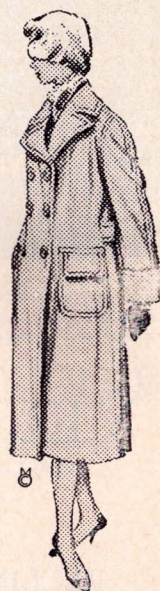
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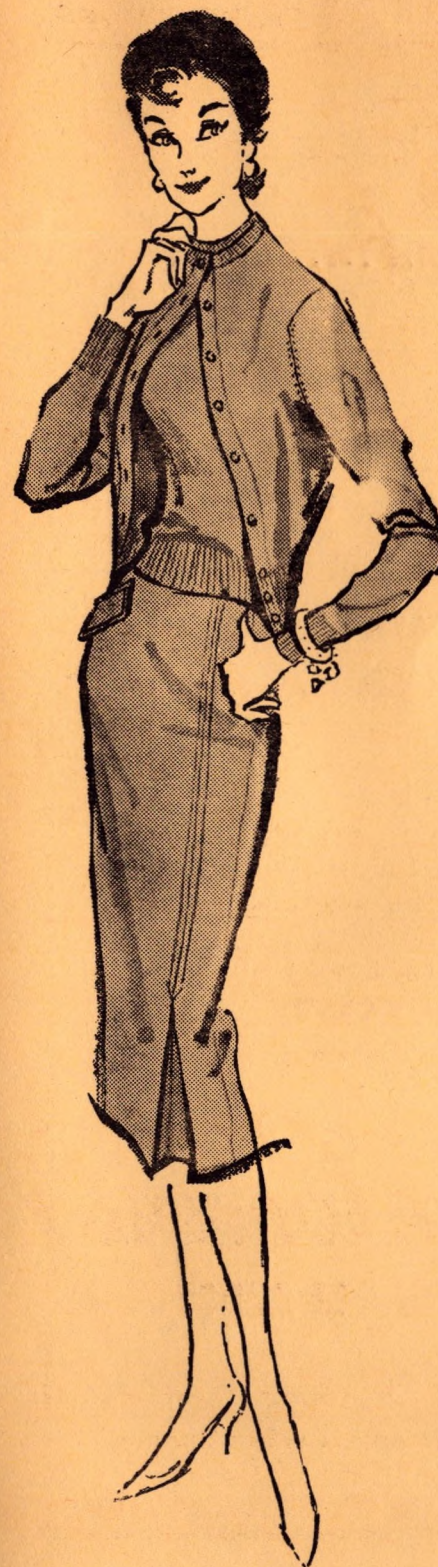
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